

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

These meetings between Dorothea and Ahsah... The minister was obliged to gather here, for an hour or two on those days...

DOROTHEA INGRAM.

A Story of Early Colonial Days.

BY CHARLES C. HAHN.

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

These meetings between Dorothea and Ahsah at length became so painful to the latter that the minister exerted all his power to prevent them. He allowed his daughter to go out with no one but himself, and while taking their solitary walks he carefully avoided those places where they were likely to encounter Dorothea...

The Doctor was about to speak to Dorothea when his attention was called from the chair and lay upon the floor. Her limbs contorted and her mouth foaming...

CHAPTER IX. A LOVE IDYL.

In the midst of all these troubles the severest experience of youth came to Dorothea, and in it she was happy. During the past year a stranger had come to Sagsnauck from old England...

CHAPTER X. A PRIMEVAL WEDDING.

Dr. Lennox took pains to announce Dorothea Hillary's engagement at once, and that same evening called upon the minister and used such arguments as prevailed upon the latter to give up, for the present at least, his idea of prosecuting the girl...

The minister closed with these words: "God in love and in mercy, and He will stretch out His strong hand and take away the dark cloud which hangs between Him and us; and all that we have to do is to fall upon our knees and beat upon our breasts and cry, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.'"

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The next morning the whole village gathered in the meeting-house. It was a solemn occasion. Prayer was offered by the minister, and a Puritan hymn was sung, after which Dorothea was brought before the pulpit to answer the charge which her life-long enemy had been preparing.

The first occasion was with regard to her evil influence over the minister's daughter. This Dorothea denied, and fitly rebuffed Dr. Lennox's told of the incident in his office, giving as his opinion that Ahsah's trouble was more nervous than that the herbs of the forest, if rightly applied, would prove a restorative.

"Dorothea, my love, may this day be the beginning of a happy life for you. I am not much at praying, but I will pray to-night that God may make your husband faithful to you. How is my wedding present? If you were poor it would make you wealthy, for I have a bundle of made up of the choicest furs, and here is a purse filled with gold and silver, my own handiwork, and I will give it to you."

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pleasant, and now that spring was opening she had felt as if new life had begun to unfold in her. And as all the fancied happiness to pass away, under the dark cloud which covered her young life...

"So, Mistress Dorothea, I find that you are content with bewitching men with your fair face and brown eyes, you must needs call in the aid of his majesty of the lower regions."

"Poor child! And is there no one to help you bear these insults?" "Yes, father and mother Lennox always have been my friends. But it is a hard life—a hard life, with all the world against me."

"Yes, Dorothea, not the whole world, but only a very small part of it. There are other lands where you might never hear from this troublesome minister, for I know that he alone but eyes the charges against you."

"I am glad of it, Ingram, glad of it, for Mr. Granville is so excited over the unfortunate affair in my office that he is determined to drive the poor child from the settlement. But as your wife she will be in a position too strong for him to assail. So I would urge you to marry in all haste."

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CHAPTER XI. PURITAN LAW.

A year passed by—a year of idleness with Dorothea. She had her husband home made a happy home in Hillary cabin. The settlement had grown to such an extent that their farm had become quite valuable.

"The meeting with the minister had occurred in the afternoon, and with somewhat of the superstition in her which pervaded all New England, she asked herself: 'I do wonder if the spider and the rabbit had anything to do with it? I saw a spider in my room soon after I arose, and as I was walking through the woods a rabbit ran across the path in front of me.'"

"The announcement created great excitement, and many were the friends who were indignant, but Mr. Granville had consulted with the deacons of the church and it was their opinion that Dorothea had best be put on trial. If she was innocent she would be cleared. If guilty, it was best to have her guilt known."

"The rest of the day was one of intense, though repressed, excitement, and the people gathered to the afternoon preaching with the expectation of hearing something more with regard to the all-absorbing subject. But they were disappointed. Mr. Granville came behind the tall, Puritan pulpit, and, after the hymn and the prayer and the reading of a chapter of the Scriptures, announced his text: 'I am He that blot out thy transgressions as a cloud; and as a dark cloud thy sin.'"

"The plan of the meeting-house stood at the end of the one long village street, and was surrounded by forest trees. The oak and the maple, the birch and the hickory bent their branches on the roof. In front grew the wild hawberry, which in its season, was loaded down with bright red berries, and in the rear were the graves which marked the saints who had gone to heaven."

"The minister said: 'Beloved, the clouds are an emblem of sin. They float above us in God's air and are so dark that they hide the sun from us. They come from earth, they rise from the brook, the river, the ocean, and no man sees them rise. And yet, when they leave us and rise to that clear space which belongs to God, they stand out in clear relief and are beyond our reach. They float in God's air and hide from us the sun.'"

"The sermon closed with these words: 'God in love and in mercy, and He will stretch out His strong hand and take away the dark cloud which hangs between Him and us; and all that we have to do is to fall upon our knees and beat upon our breasts and cry, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.'"

"The minister ended and gave out a hymn, which was sung by the choir in the gallery. Then the choir received the benediction and departed. The sermon was the cause of much discussion in the village, particularly in the doctor's household, where Egbert and Dorothea stopped that night. Egbert said: 'I never have understood Mr. Granville before. Take courage, Dorothea. He means to do right, and if we can but prove to him that his distorted imagination is wrong, from being your enemy he will turn to be your friend.'"

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Before Dorothea could reply the minister asked again:

"Will you tell me now who visited you on the night of your marriage and gave you such presents as no other maiden in the village could hope to receive?" "To this Dorothea answered: 'Who it was that visited me my husband knows, and if he is satisfied, it does not concern you.'"

"This also, as the minister saw, created a favorable impression in Dorothea's behalf. But his work was not yet done. Drawing a folded slip of paper from his pocket he said: 'My brethren, ye have heard the manner in which this woman hath eluded the guardians which would condemn her. Here is written proof against her. I found it in her cabin two years ago. It was left there by a man who entered the place after night-fall. I found a note written on birch-bark. I took it home and kept it for two years, and Deacon Bethnal saw it, and was a witness when the same note was taken away by the one who wrote it. The Prince of the Power of the Air! But, so deeply had the words burned into my mind, that the next day I rewrote them, and here they are.'"

"Dorothea! Obey the one who keeps you, and the one who looks after you, but whom you cannot see, will provide for you." "Brethren," continued the minister, "what more proof is needed? Mistress Dorothea has refused to tell who it is that provided for her on the eve of her marriage. Behold! here is his own communication. You will note that he said, 'Obey the one who keeps you.' Who could this refer to? Satan! Add the one who keeps you. Who was it kept her? The evidence is clear. It was the evil one. And if anything more is needed, the last part of the note is sufficient: 'The one whom you cannot see will provide for you, whom you could not see? The devil, who has been providing for her and protecting her.'"

"After this speech the officers of the church and the village consulted together. The evidence to some was plain, but others put a more favorable construction upon it. The latter, however, were in the minority. Puritan law was strict and the verdict was announced that, as the charge of witchcraft had not been fully proved, but grave doubts remained in the minds of the judges, Mistress Dorothea Ingram should at noon that day receive twenty lashes upon her bare back, and the merciful judges prayed that this might prove the salvation of her soul."

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious, and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh. It sounds rather paradoxical for a perfectly well man to speak of his invaluable wife as his better half.—Boston Transcript. He (angrily)—"Why do people stare at us so?" She—"Probably wondering, as we are, why we married each other."—Truth.

First—"There is one sign that should be placed over every letter-box in the city." Second—"What is that?" First—"Post no bills."—Yale Record. THE only difference between the winner of a race on the river and on the track was that one rowed a boat and the other rode a horse.—Boston Commercial.

MR. GRUMPPS—What boobies women are—always crying at weddings! Mrs. Grumpps—You never saw women crying at a divorce, did you?—New York Weekly. JACK—"She says 'No' to everything you say, doesn't she?" Tom—"Not always. When I asked her if she persisted in her refusal, she said 'Yes.'—Life.

CLARA—"We girls are getting up a secret society." George—"What's the object?" Clara—"I don't know yet, but I'll tell you all after I am initiated."—Tid-Bits. JUDGE—"You have committed a serious crime! Do you know what the penalty for it is?" "Culprit—"Sorry I can't oblige you. Why don't you look it up?"—Fliegende Blätter.

LIMITED QUARTERS—Mr. Hayseed (in the city)—"There's a wagon sellin' condensed milk. I wonder wot that's fer?" Mrs. Hayseed—"I guess that's fer people wot lives in flats."—Life. SHE—"If every atom of the human body is renewed every seven years, I cannot be the same woman that you married. He—"I've been suspecting that for some time.—New York Weekly.

"WHAT'S that noise?" asked Willie, as the owls began to hoot. "It's a howl," said his English nurse. "Poh! cried Willie. "I know that, but what is it that's howling?"—Harper's Bazar. FOOD—Oh, you are too hard on Filmore. He has his faults, but there is one good thing about him. Dobs—And pray what is that? Fogg—He—er—I can't RECALL it just at this moment.—Tid-Bits. YOUNG BUCKLEBREEZE—Have you a small hand-bellows for blowing the dust from my coat?—The same.